

HE SOUGHT DEATH.

The Unfortunate Napoleon III. at the Battle of Sedan.

Sarah Bernhardt mentions in her memoirs that Napoleon III. had two horses shot under him at Sedan. Some having thrown doubt on her statement and denied that the emperor was ever in personal danger at the time, Baron Verly, son of the late colonel of the Cent Gardes, gives what he affirms to be the authentic account of the unhappy sovereign's persistent attempts to court death when he saw that defeat was unavoidable. On Sept. 1, 1870, at 6 o'clock in the morning, Marshal MacMahon, returning wounded to Sedan, met the emperor riding out to Bazilles. Napoleon III. realized that the situation was desperate. He rode slowly out, depressed and thoughtful, under a hail of shot. During an hour he inspected the positions. Bullets rained on his escort. Captain d'Hendecourt was killed a few feet away from the emperor. The latter, deliberately seeking death, alighted, ordered his escort to remain behind an embankment and walked up to a cemetery on a height, where he stayed for another hour, exposed to fire. He mounted again and rode to another part of the field. General de Courson and Captain de Treceoson were dangerously wounded by his side, but not a bullet hit him. The emperor at last seemed to despair of meeting his death as he sought it and rode back to Sedan at noon. In the town itself shells fell thick, and while the emperor was riding with his escort up the Grand Rue one burst just in front of him, wounded one of the Cent Gardes and killed the horses of two aids-de-camp. Napoleon III. looked on stolidly, understanding, perhaps, that it was not his fate to die in action. The story that he had two horses killed under him is, therefore, not correct. But there is no doubt that the unfortunate emperor, beaten and ill, a pathetic and tragic figure, did deliberately seek death on the field to escape the disgrace of Sedan which he foresaw.—Paris Letter.

A SERPENT STORY.

Terrifying Experience With a Deadly Lancehead.

The Paris Eclair tells a blood curdling serpent story, the scene of which was the island of Martinique and the dramatic personae Sergeant Legrand and Private Durand and the snake a deadly lancehead.

The soldier had been punished with a night in the cells for some trivial offense, but as the night was very hot the sergeant had left the door open. In the morning at 5 o'clock Legrand went to wake his prisoner and, to his horror, beheld a lancehead snake coiled up and fast asleep on the man's breast.

The sergeant did not lose his presence of mind. He stole noiselessly away, ran to the guard room and, followed by all the men on duty, returned to the cell with a bowl of milk and a tin whistle. Placing the bowl of milk at the entrance to the cell, the sergeant began to play the "Blue Danube." It is needless to remark that the weakness of the lancehead is milk and music. The serpent, which was a six foot specimen, awoke, glided from the soldier's body toward the bowl, but it had no sooner buried its head in its beloved drink than ten cudgels descended on it with terrific force, killing it outright.

The soldier Durand, who was in a swoon, was taken to hospital, where he lay for many days on the verge of madness. He finally recovered and related his horrible experience—how he had awoke in the middle of the night as the serpent was coiling itself on his bare breast and how he had lain there in an agony for hours, not daring to move a muscle.

Durand was sent back to France as soon as he had sufficiently recovered. The only trace of his terrible experience, adds the Eclair, is that his hair is now snow white.

Love's Young Dream.

Another case of the bad boy rudely interrupting love's young dream. A Malate girl and her Romeo sat in close proximity on the couch in the drawing room lost to the world. They were brought back from Eden by her little brother, who, like many of his kind, makes it a practice to butt in at the wrong time. He walked into the room, planted himself in front of the young man and asked:

"Was you ever tied to a fish line?"

"I certainly was not," was the reply.

"Well," responded the boy, "I heard pa tell ma last night that you'd make a good sinker."—Manila Gossip.

Necessity the Mother.

"Who got up those hanging gardens of Babylon?"

"Some king."

"For what purpose?"

"I judge he wanted to outwit the neighbors' chickens."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Always Tired.

Political Candidate—Which way do the farm hands lean around here? Farmer Ryetop—Well, stranger, around plowing and planting time you will see them leaning against the barn or fence every time your back is turned.

COULD NOT DENY IT.

The Witness Had Been Mixed Up In a Case of Theft.

The attorney for the defense looked keenly at the witness who was testifying for the prosecution. "Your name, if I understood you correctly," he said, "is Horace Hinsey. Is that right?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you ever live in Nashua?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. Hinsey, have you ever been arrested on a criminal charge?"

"No, sir!" indignantly answered the witness. "Never!"

"Did you ever commit an offense for which you might justly have been arrested?"

"Never, sir!"

"Mr. Hinsey, is it not a fact that you once stole from your own father?"

Here the attorney for the prosecution interposed, but the witness chose to answer.

"No, sir!" he exclaimed. "Never in my life!"

"Now, Mr. Hinsey," said the lawyer, "suppose I should tell you that I knew of a case when you did steal from your father."

Instantly the witness' brow cleared.

"Gentlemen," he said, turning to the jury, "he's right. I remember now. When I was about eight years old I stole half a dozen eggs from my father's grocery store, took them down under the bank of the creek, cooked them and helped eat them. This lawyer, who was a boy then, not only helped me steal those eggs, but put me up to stealing them. How are you, Jim?"

The judge and jury joined in the laugh that followed, and the rest of the examination was conducted on more friendly lines.—Youth's Companion.

AN ANGRY LION.

Movements That Always Precede the Animal's Spring.

A lion's first signs of anger are as follows: Its tail rapidly twists from side to side, the bottom slightly raising and the black tassel at the end beating the air. It lowers its head more than usual and growls, at intervals showing its teeth. Then its voice becomes louder. It roars, shows its teeth and lowers its ears, the movements of the tail increasing all the time.

At the time of charging—that is, at the height of its anger—the tail rises in the air until it is almost vertical, the black tassel continues to move, the ears are flattened completely, and the animal comes toward you at a slow trot, then at a gallop, and finally springs forward with open mouth and extended claws.

Sometimes it shows these various symptoms without charging, restrained by prudence, but it never charges without showing them. When the tail rises the hunter can bring his rifle to the shoulder and await his opportunity. In hunting a man who is on his guard is worth four.

A charge is extremely dangerous, almost always fatal when unexpected, either because of the dense vegetation or other causes, but if you see the animal getting ready flight is useless. Stand your ground. The only thing to do is to keep cool and trust in your weapon. If you have no confidence in yourself it is prudent to avoid measuring your strength against these animals.—Exchange.

Overzealous.

If you have ever been annoyed by a too enterprising barber, you will appreciate the little incident that left one of them rueful and crestfallen the other day.

Having shaved the customer, he ran his hand over the man's head and said insinuatingly:

"Have a hair trim today, sir?"

"Do you think I need it?"

"Yes; it looks pretty long."

"Well, how is the boss barber on hair trimming? Is he pretty good?"

"Yes; he's pretty good, all right. But why?"

"Well, he trimmed my hair yesterday."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Some Heights in the Catskills.

The height of some of the tallest and most interesting mountains in the Catskills is as follows: Slide mountain, 4,220 feet; Hunter mountain, 4,052; Black Dome, 4,004; Thomas Cole mountain, 3,975; Mount Cornell, 3,920; Peak o' Moose mountain, 3,875; the Wittenberg, 3,824; Sugar Loaf, 3,807; High Peak, 3,800; Panther mountain, 3,800; Windham High Peak, 3,534; North mountain, 3,450; Overlook mountain, 3,300; Platerskill mountain, 3,200; Onteora mountain, 2,685.

Compromise.

Customer (in bookstore)—Let me have a copy of "Antony and Cleopatra." Clerk—Yes, sir; \$1. please. Customer—Dear me, I've only got 50 cents. Just give me Antony!—Harper's Weekly.

A Pocket Symphony.

"My piano is very much like my trousers pockets. When my wife goes into them she often finds nothing but keys, and then there is music."—New York Globe.

In the Pineapple Belt

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